Pietatis Lachrymæ.

TEARES *of deuotion.*

Temporis præteriti fructus eſt compunctio, futuri flos eſt deuotio.
——— Bernard.

LONDON,
Printed by *Edward Allde*, and are to be ſold at the long ſhop vnder S. Mildreds Church in the Poultrey. 1602.

To the Right worſhipfull, learned and vertuous, Sir Thomas Kitſon Knight: earthes good heere, and Heauens bliſſe heereafter.

THere was a world (but now that world is not,)
When Vertue was within mens hearts inrould:
But now that world is almoſt cleane forgot,
For vildeſt things doe mens affections holde.

There was a time (but now, more griefe, tis not)
When men (though mortall) ſeemed halfe deuine:
There was a golden age, that age forgot,
When men (in charity) not wealth did ſhine.

There was a time when men relieu'd the poore,
But he's now counted wiſe that keepes his owne:
There was a time, when men did heauen implore,
But now who thinkes of heau'n is ſcarcely knowne.

There was a time when most men lou'd in God,
And mens perfections all on high were placed:
But now in Mammon *most men haue abroad,*
Earth is prefer'd fore heau'n, and Saints disgraced.

But in that soule who heauen doth onely minde,
Deuinest wisdome Will for euer dwell:
If such a soule in thee she cannot finde,
Where such a soule to finde I cannot tell.

For nothing can thy soule from comfort seuer,
In him that bought thee deare, and lou'd thee euer.

Your Worships euer most humbly
deuoted *William Euans.*

To the Right worſhipfull

and no leſſe vertuous Lady, the Lady *Elizabeth Kitſon*, wife to Sir *Thomas Kitſon* Knight: Earthes proſperity, and Cæleſtiall happines.

EXpound Tabithai, *and tis* Dorcas *name,*
And Dorcas *is a Roe-bucke ſharpe of eye:*
In this reſpect Tabithai *wonne her fame,*
That from the earth her ſoule did pierce the skie.
By faithes pure worke true graces quallity,
Her mortall life wonne immortality.

Is there none like Tabithai? *God forbid,*
Yes ſome there are, but of thoſe ſome too fewe:
Many make ſhew, but doe not as ſhe did,
But giue me leaue to giue your deeds their due.
Many haue faith, no workes, their faith is vaine:
Your workes approoue Tabithai *liues againe.*

From the admirer of your vertues.
William Euans.

In Authorem.

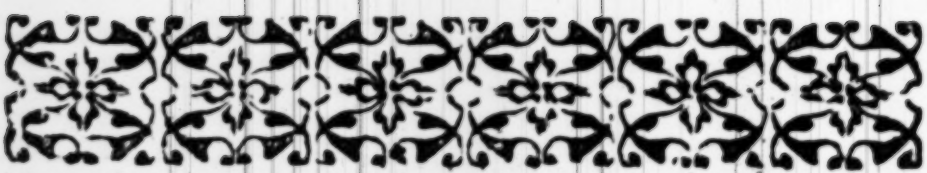
INſpired ſoules breath but the thoughts of bliſſe,
Whoſe humble hearts in heauē are onely placed
and while the worldlings run their courſe amiſſe,
In Graces eyes, are gratious ſpirits graced.

So may I ſay of that which heere I ſee,
Drawne from the fountaine of a heauenly ſpring:
Where thoſe beſt humours alwaies nouriſht be,
That make the ſoule of heau'nly comforts ſing.

Continue therefore this good courſe of thine,
And God will bleſſe, and his bleſſed loue thee:
And ſuch as know what comforts are deuine,
Will ſmile at them, that blindely wil reprooue thee.

And for my ſelfe, I finde thy labours ſuch,
I cannot loue nor praiſe thy worke too much.

Nich. Breton Gent.



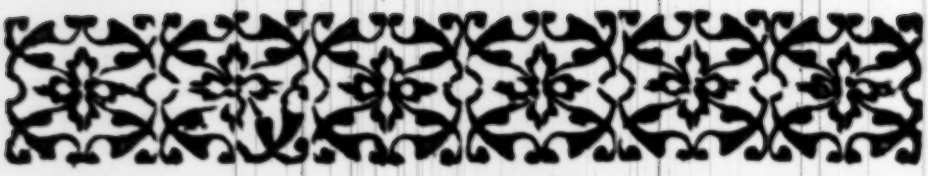
In eundem.

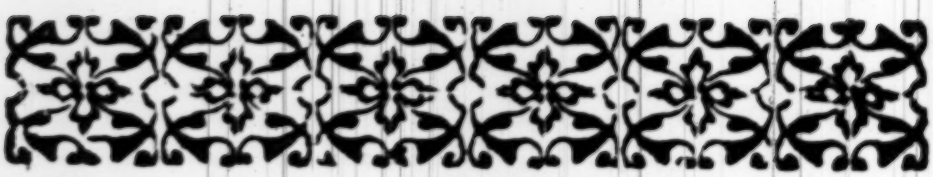
WIth ſome fantaſticke fooliſh braine or other,
(Cauſles) thy weeping lines may be diſgraced
While wiſdomes wit their folly doth diſcouer,
And thou thereby in better thoughts be placed.
Thy lynes (no Panimne toyes) thy Text deuine,
Exhales ſuch darkning clouds that Sun may ſhine.

Goe on to weepe, and weeping laugh at thoſe,
That doe the pangs of thy ſicke ſoule deſpiſe:
While thou doſt weeping win, they laughing loſe,
The crowne that is ordain'd for thy ſad eyes.
While I goe ſit me downe, and muſing wonder,
To ſee thy heart for ſinne nigh torne aſunder.

Sweet is the Muſicke that thy paſſion ſings,
A high-fetcht note ſurpaſſing *Ela's* ſtraine:
Suckt from the waters of thoſe *Hesbon* ſprings,
That riſe and flow, to neuer ebbe againe.
Who wold not (taught by thee) do his endeuour?
Learne ſo to weepe, that he may liue for euer.

Phil. Holland Gent.





An Introduction:

AWay vaine youth that ſtudies nought but praiſe
The ſoules Inchauntrix, and the woe to man:
When ſharpeſt theame in weeping Oadaſes,
Is all too little wretch doe what thou can.
For to manure the odour of thy ſinne,
That thou from mercies ſeate, mayſt mercy win.

Deuote thy wits to loue and venery,
Baſe ſubiect, fit to adde ſinne vnto ſinne:
Be-witch mens ſoules with beauties fopperie,
By *Venus* forged-Goddeſſe praiſe to winne.
Onely let me for my ſinnes feare a rod,
Learne how to liue, and not offend my God.

Illuminating God, faire milke-white Doue,
The ſoules beſt teacher, Tutor vnto bliſſe:
Afflictions comfort, Ghoſt of eternall loue,
Cleane Gueſt, that loues to Inne, where no ſinne is.
Licenſe my ſoule to weepe with thoſe true eyes,
That heauens implore, and all the world deſpiſe.

A paſsion.

A paſsion of an afflicted ſoule.

NO ſooner had the Sunne all ſhewed his face,
Meaſuring the welkin, by a furlongs ſpace:
But that I ſat free from his ſcorching beame,
Vnder an Oake faſt by a ſiluer ſtreame.
Not long I ſat, but ſoone I heard one crye,
Diſtilling ſhewers of teares from his ſad eye.

And with thoſe teares that did from him proceede,
Came ſighes (true partners in each woe & need)
And with thoſe ſighs, came words, to heare, a wōder,
which thought-torne-hart had almoſt broke aſun-
Neerer I ſtept, but yet I ſtood aſide, (der,
to ſee the end, and what might him betide.

When

When ſoone me thought I might this man behold,
Placing his armes a croſſe, with an infolde :
Caſting his lookes to heau'n, ſometimes to earth,
When offring ſpeech, feare ſtopt his vitall breath.
Yet truce he tooke with feare, heart-grieued man,
and with a mournefull voice, theſe words began.

Peter denyed his Chriſt for feare of daunger,
And ſwore (being askt) he was to him a ſtranger:
O falſe forſworne, vilde-wretch that knew him wel,
Who lou'd him more then any tongue can tell.
Yet he his fault no ſooner gan to ſee,
But he repented and from ſinne was free.

Saule did torment the ſeruants of the high,
Clad all in armes to worke their Tragedy:
And martyr'd *Steuen*, that high ſweet Sa. in heau'n
Was by his meanes of his deare life be-reauen.
Of this great ſin, he likewiſe was forgiuen,
Whome, we Canonize Saint, as bleſſed *Steuen*.

Dauid

Dauid did heap one ſinne vpon another,
That ſo the firſt, the laſt might better ſmother:
Murder, blacke murder, and adultery,
The leaſt brings man to hels foule miſery.
He alſo was of this vilde fault forgiuen,
And now with God, enioyes a place in heauen.

Theſe all did ſinne, but yet were free'd from feare,
But my ſinne's greater then I well can beare:
Chriſt came a Sauiour that we all might liue,
Yet my ſinnes ſuch, as would he would forgiue.
Yea ſinne doth cauſe me to be ſo forlorne,
As makes me wiſh I neuer had bin borne.

O grieued ſoule why do'ſt thou ſighing crie?
Why ſpring ſuch flouds from thy immortall eye?
Art thou ſurcharg'd with ſinne? plunged in woe?
Thy teares ſay yea, though ſilence tell me no.
Oh (out alas) that I might once be free,
Where thou (O God) might haue no power to ſee.

If I climbe vp to heauen, (oh) thou art there,
And at thy right hand ſits my Sauiour deere:
Whoſe ſaluing woũds, my ſoule ſo much neglected
That force, perforce, I needs muſt be reiected.
And by thoſe dooming words thou breath'ſt in ire,
Be headlong caſt into eternall fire.

Heau'n gates are ſhut ſweet mercy there in none,
Then to blacke foggie hell ile get me gone:
That kingdome's priuiledg'd perhaps and free
From ſight of him, who all things elſe doth ſee.
Oh! but my fearefull conſcience willes me know,
As God rules heau'n aboue, ſo hell below,

And ſayes, thoſe gates ſtand ope to let ſoules in,
Fit place of torture for their grieuous ſinne:
And as the heauens, ſo doth he hell retaine,
Death dooming-torture neuer-dying paine.
Why then be gone poore ſoule, poaſt hence away,
For heere thou maiſt not, nay thou dar'ſt not ſtay.

Oh!

Oh! that I had *Auroræs* wings to flye
Beyond thoſe Seas, where farther parts doe lye;
Or to ſome country which no eye hath ſeene,
Where neuer creature hath bin bred or beene.
But tis in vaine, for thy farre-reaching hand,
Can quickly pull me, from that vnknowne land.

Be dimme oh brigheſt Sunne, toarch-man to day,
Let thy moyſt oyle decreaſe, thy light decay:
Faire *Luna* let not thy bright beames be ſpide,
For peraduenture, darknes may me hide.
Oh (ſaies my conſcience) truſt not to blacke night,
For with thy God darknes is as the light.

Wel I could wiſh that ſome huge high-topt mountaine,
Or els ſome vaſt-known bottomles deep foũtaine
Would take my life from his all-ſeeing eye,
Whoſe onely name, makes me diſpayring dye.
But all in vaine, for if I there woud be,
No rockes nor flouds, can hide my ſin from thee.

Where ere I would be, thou O God art there,
And though not ſeene, yet I thy voyce doe heare:
That voice that to my ſinfull Grandſire came,
Inforceth me to ſay, Lord heere I am.
Heer's *Adams* ſinfull Of-ſpring knowne by name,
Firſt man created, and the firſt of ſhame.

Heere is a ſinfull wretch, a Demie Deuill,
Proane vnto nothing, but to that is euill:
Vnthrifty in goodnes, Marchant in vile ſinne;
Exchanging better wares, more worſe to win.
Earths excrement, (alas) of all men hatefull;
vnkinde vnto my ſelfe, to God vngratefull.

From theſe ill wiſhes I muſt needs refraine,
Since all my wiſhes are both fond and vaine:
Or what I wiſh for, if I could obtaine,
Thoſe things I wiſh for, would ſoone prooue my paine.
What ere I wiſh for, or doe moſt deſire,
The things I wiſh prooue miniſters of yre.

The things obſcureſt thou O Lord canſt ſee,
No place from thy world-ſeeing-eye is free:
The ſecretſt parts that in my body lye,
They all lye ope to thy all-ſeeing eye.
Thou likwiſe brought me frō my mothers wombe,
And thou ſhalt ludge me at thy fearefull doombe.

The Prince of darknes doth likewiſe accord,
Bids me diſpaire in my death-dying Lord;
Caytiffe ſaith he, looke not to heau'n for grace,
Since heau'n and earth ſee thy ſin-couered face.
Earth looks at heau'n, heau'n at the earth doth wonder
That earth vp-holding ſin, rents not a ſunder.

Tels me that wealth, was my hearts chiefeſt treaſure;
Sayes that in pride, I tooke my ſweeteſt pleaſure:
Enuy and malice, doing neighbour wrong,
All theſe I doe confeſſe, I lou'd too long:
Murder blacke murder, and fowle leachery,
Were coupled Actors in this tragedy.

He further ſaies, that God ſhall prooue vntrue,
If he forgiue to whome reuenge is due:
That God's not God, except he doe prooue iuſt,
That he reuenge for ſinne needs render muſt.
Tis true, tis true, ô whether ſhall I run?
Would God my life were now but new begun.

Now wold I ſowe, whē Autumne yeelds ripe corne
Now well nigh dead, now doe I wiſh new borne:
Long haue I liu'd, out-liuing manie men,
paſſing the age of fourte-ſcore yeeres and ten.
And now the Deuill for to adde more paine,
Saies my huge ſin calles but for grace in vaine.

Diues, let not the ſluces of thine eyes,
Make thy teares paſſage vnto Paradiſe:
Intreate not *Abram* ſend vs *Lazarus*,
No, for if that heau'nling come among vs,
Hee'le but delate of that I feare to know,
Hell, Death, Deſtruction, Deuils, Torture, Woe.

Thus

Thus might I ſee this poor wretch plung'd in woe,
Almoſt receiuing foule ſinnes ouerthrow:
And now his Sea of teares moiſt drops paſt number
Lull him (ſad penſiue) in a heauie ſlumber.
Not long he ſlept, but griefe owle-ſcriching cries,
Beate pathes for paſſage through his ceaſeles eyes.

Now combates his good Genus with the Deuill,
Mauger the bad, the good expels the euill:
Sathan did tempt him much, & ſore did ſhake him,
Yet the good ſpirit would not ſo forſake him.
Though fleſh be fraile now he defyeth ſinne,
And with freſh teares doth thus his paſſion gin.

O Ship-wrackt ſoule, drencht in a Sea of teares,
Laden with Euils and full fraught with feares,
Let bitter flouds fall from thy reſtles eies,
Make heauens to pitty thy hearts wofull cries.
Neuer, ô neuer ceaſe heau'n to implore,
Till peace of conſcience heau'ns to thee reſtore.

Swim

Swim O my ſoule, breake through the flouds of ſin,
See if with *Peter* thou the Shore canſt win:
And at thy landing reſt, thou ſhalt imbrace
A golden wreath the Lambe, the Childe of grace:
And heauenly Quiers for to welcome thee,
Shall ſound the muſicke of heauens melody.

Thinke no worke great enough this bliſſe to gaine;
Great is the ioy that comes of this thy paine:
Trouble like wings muſt hurle thee vp and downe,
Before thou mayſt receiue th'Imperiall crowne.
„ Thou vnto dayes & weekes, to months & yeares,
„ Muſt owe the hourely rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

Apprentice-like binde thou thy yeares to care,
Thy heart thy ſhop. Gods ſacred word thy ware;
Good thoughts thy Chapmen, and good works thy gaine
Thy cheere the poor, & thy reioycing, paine.
„ Daies paſſe in plaints, thy nights without repoſe;
„ Awake to weepe and ſleep in wakinge woes.

Let

Let Wiſdome be thy head, Compunction Mother;
Thy friends the Angels, & the Lambe thy Brother.
Take for thy ſoules ſweet Spouſe, deaths memory,
Thy kinſfolkes ſighes, thy children Lachrymæ.
This right-hand path leades not thy ſoule amiſſe,
But eftſoone brings thee to the bower of bliſſe.

Conſider further, ô my ſoule (quoth he)
Sinners beſide my ſelfe there many be;
Many haue ſtain'd the honour of their place,
And yet in heau'ns bright eye not loſt their grace.
And though I ſin, in liues booke I am noted,
Since now to my deare God, I am deuoted.

Moreouer by his death it doth appeare,
How great the loue is that my God doth beare
To me, ſinnes Monſter and moſt worthy blame;
The badge of ignomy and Map of ſhame.
Th'abuſer of rich Time, a lumpe of all,
Too ſlowe, in good too bad, too ſwift in will.

What

What meaning hath his head declin'd, but this?
To giue my ſinfull ſoule a gratious kiſſe.
His heart's all open, for to let me ſee,
A heart that hath ſuch loue, none hath but he.
His hands are ſtretched out for to imbrace me,
That he in Angels bliſſe, may after place me.

Yea all his pretious corpes (alas) are wounded,
That though I ſin, ſin, death & hell confounded.
His bodies life, feil-death doth alſo ſeuer,
Yet he kils death, that I may liue for euer.
Mercy ſweet Ieſu mercy let me win,
Since now I hate my ſelfe, & loath my ſin.

This he no ſooner ſaid, but I might ſee
A man well ſeeming Angell-Saint to be;
Of comely hue of golde his pleated hayres,
More graue in Wiſdoms booke, then aged yeares.
His feete (inſteed of ſandals) troade the ayre,
And windes for wings, did this Cæleſtiall beare.

His

His firſt arriuall was with this ſad wight,
Whoſe ſinfull ſoule Iuſtice did ſo affright:
To whome, ſuch balme for medcine he did giue,
As dead in ſinne, by it are raiſ'd to liue.
O bleſſed Lord that in each time of neede,
Sends comfort from aboue, ſicke ſoules to feede.

Doe not diſpaire (quoth he) thou wofull man,
Doubt not, but he that made all, all things can;
Thinke not that he that breath'd into thee breath,
Will ought reioyce in thy ſoules fearefull death.
No wretched man thy God willes thee to know,
Sinnes red as ſcarlet, he makes white as ſnow.

Seale this (O Lord) cleare my ſinne-ſpotted-Den,
Teares beg the warrant, Ieſu ſay Amen.

Nemo renaſcitur in Chriſti corpore, niſi prius naſcatur in peccati corruptione. S. Auguſt.

Teares

Teares Efficacy, and Sinnes pardon.

Or Mary Magdalens Lachrymæ.

WHen *Anna* wept the teares ran down amaine,
From forth the Flud-gates of her watry eyes;
When *Agar* wept that water ſhe might gaine,
Teares, ſobbes, & ſighes were onely Sacrifice.
When *Suſan* falſly was condemn'd to dye,
Her innocent true teares did peirce the skye.

They had the things that they with teares required,
Oh who can tell the force of ſuch true teares?
Wonder of wonders for to be admired,
Since eyes, as keyes doe open mercies eares.
Neuer came wretch to God with true contrition,
But did obtaine, ſo it were iuſt petition.

Sad

Sad humble teare, ſhed by a ſoule diuine,
What maiſt thou not account of? as thine owne?
wilt thou a kingdom? why? heau'ns kingdom's thine
wilt thou a ſeate: thou haſt the Lāb's bright throne.
Wilt thou be ſtronge? let one teare, heau'n be ſent
And it ſhall doombe all hell to baniſhment.

Meate for the ſoule thou art, ſtrength for the ſence,
Guerdon of Vertue, Aſſoſiate of Grace;
The blotter out of vice and great offence,
The Font that Lauers filth from foulest face.
The drinke and repaſt of the penitent,
Swift billow, wafting to amendement.

Beſt health of new-returning innocence,
The Angell foode of reconſiliation;
Chiefe ioy of an appeaſed conſcience,
And the ſtronge hope of ſoules election.
The Odour of the ioyes of bliſſe to come,
The beſt companion in the day of doombe.

Since

Since teares are of ſuch force, who wold not weep?
And weeping weep for ſin, with teares an Ocean:
A floud within his heart who would not keep?
To drench the entrance of each ſinfull motion.
Yes ſaies my ſoule, Lord of my ſoule I will,
Mary that moſt hath need will weep her fill.

Cloſe thou thine eyes, ô righteous *Jeremye*,
Let not thy teares lament the faults of other,
My ſighes, my ſobs, my eyes, my Lachrymæ,
Shall waſh my ſoule, & my ſoules-ſinnes diſcouer.
I, onely I my ſelfe, my ſelfe alone,
Will waſh in teares and my huge ſinne bemone.

Michah, why weep'ſt thou, ſaid the men of warre?
Why doſt thou vs purſue? is not all well?
Why haſt thou ſtrayed from thy home ſo farre?
Nay ſigh not grieued man but qnickelie tell.
My God (quoth he) whome I with care did keep,
Ye'aue ſtolne from me, and aske ye why I weep?

Michah

Michah with grieued heart doth much lament,
The losse of his forg'd-fained-golden God:
And shall not flouds of teares of me be spent,
For losse of him that was my liues abode?
Shall *Michah* waile his losse, and shall not I?
Yes, while I liue Ile weepe, and weeping dye.

The nimble Hart when he's beset with Hound,
Seeing no way te'scape pale greedy death:
Before he feele the first life-killing wound,
Weeps out a groane, & then yeelds ayre his breath;
And makes the Hūters hart (though hard as stone)
By reason of his sighes, his death to moane.

Shall this milde Hart (O *Mary*) full of euils
Sigh foorth the farewell of his liues decay?
And shalt not thou that art beset with Deuils,
That rent thy soule as rauenous dogs their pray?
Yes I will weep sigh, sob, and neuer cease,
Till heau'n haue mercy, and my sinnes release.

If

If holy *Dauid* did ſo much lament,
Th'vntimely death of his rebellious Sonne:
If he vpon the dead corpes theſe words ſpent,
O loſſe! ô *Abſalon*! ô *Abſalon*!
Then needly muſt I weeping ſay each houre,
O loſſe! no loſſe to my ſoules Sauiour.

As was the ſound of *Aarons* ſiluer bell,
Whoſe ſweet alarum cauſ'd each man to heare:
So *Mary* let thy griefes ſin-weeping knell,
Rung by the vertue of an harty teare,
Sound ſuch a lowd, and dolefull pleaſing ditty,
That it may mooue thy God, thy woes to pitty.

Few drops (men ſay) force hard ſtones aſunder,
Not by compulſion but by often fall:
See! ſtubborne ſtones to moyſt drops yeeld; ô wonder!
And ſhall not God, when teares for mercy call?
Sinnes teares; almoſt (mee thinkes) the very name,
Should be ſufficient for to blot my ſhame.

O therefore hye thee wretched *Magdalen*,
To him that ſinne hath power to forgiue:
Intreate him clenſe thy foule defyled den,
Deſire to dye to ſinne, in him to liue.
Let not thy God, from *Simons* boord be riſen,
Till thou vnto thy God be trulie ſhriuen.

As an inraged colde tane in thy breſt,
If it continue, prooues but little good:
So will thy ſinne diſturber of thy reſt,
If thou to greater ſinne doſt let ſinne bud.
O therefore take thy time, while time thou may,
For who can tell, how ſwift time glides away.

Nor be not thou aſham'd before them all,
Of thy vilde ſinne to make confeſſion:
But bend thy knee, and bid thy ſalt teares call,
Of thy great ſinne to haue remiſſion.
Deferre no time, no weeke, no day, no houre,
But pleade with teare, beſt pleading Oratour.

Confeſſe

Confeſſe (I ſay) with a true broken heart
(For who can tell the force of ſuch confeſſion?)
Thy ſinne, and by thy ſinne, thy iuſt deſert,
And for the ſame thy ſoules contrition.
With ſuch confeſſion learne for to accord,
For ſuch regaines thy now loſt liuing Lord.

It ioyes the Saints, make cleare the conſcience,
Cancels the bond of ſinne, it's hope of pardon:
It's Brideler offeare, beſt pleaſing incenſe,
Heau'n opening key, ſweet ſatisfaction.
Beſt motiue mooving thy dull ſoule to riſe,
From wretched earth, to bleſſed Paradiſe.

Ieſu I thirſt, but not for *Dauids* draught,
Not of the Ciſterne of Philiſtines ſpring:
Tis not that water though ſo dearely bought,
That any comfort to my heart can bring.
That which the Angels loue, and Saints require,
That holy water doth my ſoule deſire.

Mary Magdalens Laclryma.

Open thy gate kinde hearted Phariſe,
Oh giue me way, and leaue to enter in:
That I may proſtrate, humbly on my knee,
Shew to my God the greatnes of my ſinne
On ſtage of blacke, the Actor be my heart,
My ſoule the Chorus, and my ſinne the part.

O but (ſaith one) art not thou *Magdalen*,
Notorious for thy ſinne in this our Citty?
Yes ſure I am; will ye not therefore open?
May not a ſinners teares mooue ye to pitty?
Whoſe that ſaith Chriſt? *Mary* ſhews her repen-
O let her in; thus mercy giues me entrance. (tance:

Woman come foorth ſaith he, ſtand not behinde,
May I a wretch (O Lord) obtaine ſuch fauour?
Mercy to penitents is alway kinde,
O kinde Phiſition! ſay on my Sauiour.
For neuer ſhall theſe teares of me be ſpent,
Till thou bid riſe, ſinne pardon'd penitent.
Pardon thou haſt, be free from Sathans den,
Ariſe, and ſinne no more: good God Amen.

The ſoules comfort in Mid-

deſt of affliction.

Or the penitent theefes paſsion.

TO whom ſhal death, th'Almighties Trumpeter
Seeme ſowerie ſharpe, fell-cruell- bitter paine:
When meager death is but as meſſenger,
To tell our ſoules, that we with God ſhall raigne.

Come gentle death, ſince tis my Sauiours will,
(O bleſſed will to dye I am not ſorry)
Seaze on an Eſſence which thou canſt not kill,
Whilſt Angels waft it to the place of glory.

He that is framer of the earth and heauen,
Telles me that theſe my now fraile mortall eyes:
(So ſoone as ſoule from body is bereauen)
Shall ſee heauens Pharus bleſſed-Paradiſe.

This day my ſoule, mercy infuſing grace,
(O triple happie ſoule, t'obtaine ſuch fauour:)
In Angels bliſſe ſhall ſee him face to face,
That did deſcend from heau'n to be my Sauiour.

This day my life ſhall dye, in bliſſe to raigne,
This day I ſhall be free'd from euery foe:
This day I dye a death to liue againe,
This day I ceaſe to weepe, and laugh at woe.
This day's the αρχη of an eternall raigne,
And the αρχη of my now dying paine.

Since it is ſo, ſweet death come let me dye,
Whilſt mercy ſhuts the windows of mine eye.

Deus mihi totum in toto.

LEt wicked worldlings fall away from God,
No earthlie croſſe ſhall cauſe my ſoule to feare
Afflictions ſtaffe, and perſecutions rod,
True patience willes me, and I well can beare.
Who would not ſuffer heere a little paine,
And dye, to liue, that he with God may raigne?

If I of friends and countrie be neglected,
Yet ere I looſe my faith, Ile beg my bread:
He that from youth hath alway me protected,
From his foode-giuing hand ſhall I be fed.
He keeps the fragments of a feaſt in ſtore,
Where mercy willes me knock at bounties doore.

If pooreſt roofe diſdaine to couer me,
My building's not on earth but all on hye:
Meane while the Dens and Rocks ſhal ſuccour me,
And ſtubborne earth ſhall welcome miſerie.
Better it is, mong Wolues to haue aboad,
Then liue in houſe and not to liue in God.

If I

If I with priſons chaine faſt fettred be,
My perſecutions chaine ſhall prooue a crowne:
If all the world oppoſe it ſelfe at me,
And death, (the worſt to feare) begin to frowne.
Yet he that for my life, his life did giue,
Will kill my death, that I with him may liue.

What though no *Tobie* ſee me buried,
Tis not a toombe that I deſire to haue:
What bootes that earth, to earth be carried,
My bliſſe is not contained in a graue.
And for an vnction to this bitter gall,
Heau'n couers him that hath no buriall.

Heare me ſweet Ieſu, heare mee when I call,
Since thou to my poore ſoule art all in all.

Mors

Mors Chriſti, mihi vita.

TH'Eternall Father, guider of the heauen,
To his all-glorious and immortall Hoaſt:
No other licence to them hath he giuen,
But that their garlands, and their crownes of coſt
(While heau'nly quiers doe ſing, as it is meete)
Be laid at his great Sonnes immortall feete.

Yet ſee the malice and the crueltie,
Of theſe hard-hearted and inhumaine men:
With purple cloth (aye me) in mockerie,
They cloath the fleſh of this great God; and then
To him they bend the knee (their ſinne the more)
Whom Angels worſhip, & the Saints adore.

See, ſee, from his deepe wounds out iſſues bloud,
Dying the purple Dye, more perfect red;
Woe's me that for my ſin ſhould ſpring that flood,
Great was his loue that ſo my comfort bred.
Dyé (oh my God) make purple my hard heart,
So ſhall it cloath thy wounds, my ſinne, thy ſmart.

Ego ſum tuus cauſa doloris.

Diues in his paſsion.

RIch men laugh at me your fill,
Since to laugh it is your will:
Make a ieſt of me and hell,
Till ye buy that I would ſell.

Chriſt did tell ye but in vaine,
Of my torture and my paine:
I, as ye, at hell did ſmile,
Sathan ſo did me beguile.

Were I now to liue againe,
Life ſhould be a liuing paine:
Ye ſhould laugh, but I would weepe,
I would wake, when ye ſhould ſleepe.

Ye ſhould not relieue the poore,
I would ſo beſtowe my ſtore:
You, not I, ſhould hunt for hell,
I, not ye, with God would dwell,

But ô my soule plung'd in paine,
Doe not Eccho thus in vaine:
Worldlings laugh to heare thee moane,
Harder hearts, then hardest stone.

For the raine makes flintes to mourne,
When that Athiests, teares doe scorne:
But those scorners all shall dye,
And hell laugh when they shall crye.

Lazarus

Lazarus in his happines.

POore men if yee beggers be,
Learne to beare your Croſſe of me:
Croſſes are the way to bliſſe,
VVhere true patience leader is.

Patience poore mens treaſure chiefe,
That doth giue the ſoule reliefe:
Such reliefe as rich men want,
That the beggers almes is ſcant.

Ioy in heart ye pooreſt ſoules,
Whom the hand of heau'n inrowles:
In the care of worldlings croſſe,
VVhile the rich dye with their droſſe.

Grieue not that the dogs doe licke yee,
Helliſh ſtings ſhall neuer pricke yee:
Let them ſing while ye doe crye,
Ye ſhall liue when they ſhall dye.

Ye

Lazarus in his happines.

Ye ſhall liue in endles ioyes,
They liue dying in annoyes:
They in ſoule tormented ſore,
Ye reioycing euermore.

Doe but then the difference ſee,
That twixt rich and poore may be:
They with Diues lye in hell,
Ye, with me, in heauen ſhall dwell.

'A paſsion

A paſsion of the ſoules deſire.

OH had I wings to flye vnto that place,
Where Hierarches & Angels praiſe my God:
That I might taſte of that eternall grace,
That frees the faithfull from afflictions rod.

Then ſhould I heare the Cherubins, that ſing
To God, all holie holie Sanctities:
Then I my ſelfe vnto my God and King,
Should humbly tune their heau'nlie vnities.

Then ſhould I be a free man of that Cittie,
The gates whereof are pearle, the barres of golde;
The Lamps no ſtarres, but glories Maieſtie,
And Saints the ſoules that there their freedom hold.

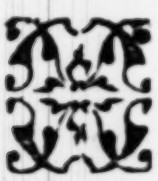
Then ſhould I ſee the Prophets in their bliſſe,
And the Apoſtles ſeated on bright thrones:
Then ſhould I ſee that world where no woe is,
While Angels hands do crowne the Martirs grones

Then

Then ſhould I ſee the Virgins freed from teares,
Crown'd in the heauens for holy Chaſtitie:
Bleſt ſhould I ſee thoſe babes whoſe tender yeares,
Aboad the ſtinge of ſharpeſt crueltie.

Then ſhould I ſee, that now I cannot ſee.
Through the darke hindrance of my deadlie ſinne:
Yet mercie ſaies, his wounds makes ſinners free,
His bloud the key that lets them enter in.

O then my God make this world hell to me,
That I in heau'n may ſee all this with thee.



Chriſts

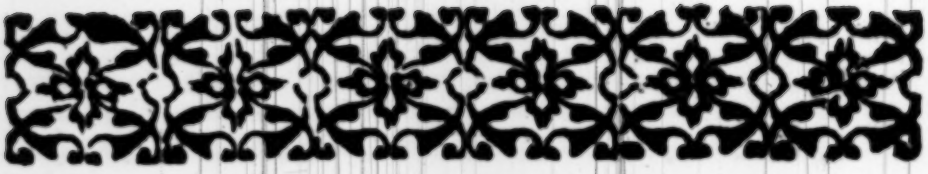
Chriſtes Crowne is ſharpe.

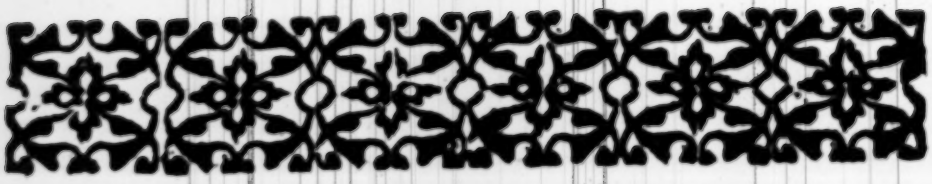
THe cruel thornes with w̃ our Lord was crowned
Were ſorely ſharpe that ſhed his ſacred blood:
A gratious loue, in glorious life renowned,
To hurt it ſelfe to doe his ſeruants good.

But while thoſe points did pricke his ſacred head,
Sinne, death, and Sathan, all were deadly wounded:
O bleſſed Chriſt that ſo my comforts bred,
As by thy death, both death and hell confounded!

Bleſt were the drops of ſo deuine a nature,
As ſhed by ſinners were the death of ſin:
And bleſſed Chriſt that ſo didſt bleſſe thy creature,
As by thy death didſt his beſt life begin.

Yet let me weepe to ſee his head ſo bleeding,
That is my heart and ſpirits onely feeding:





Doloris finis gaudium.

MY heauy ſoule haue patience with thy ſelfe,
The tydes will turne the ebbe may haule a how
A Ship ſometime may run vpon the ſhelfe,
And yet be ſaued from her ouer-throw.

Say that thy griefes doe gripe thee enery houre,
While that thy life is neere the point to dye:
And weakned nature hardly hath the power,
To beare the burthen of thy miſerie.

Yet, doe thou know, thy ſinfull ſoule deſerueth,
Farre greater death, if Iuſtice doe thee right:
And know withall that mercie ſtill preſerueth,
A Sunney bleſſing for the faithfull ſight.

Where thou ſhalt finde that all the worlds annoy:
Is farre vnworthy of the ſmalleſt ioy.

Benedictus deus in eternum.

SOme wicked ſpirit thought my heart accurſt,
Becauſe it ſaw, how I was woe begon me;
Sorrow, and death and hell did ſeeke their worſt,
With all their forces, all to fall vpon me.

Sorrow, did locke my heart with many a ſob,
And brought my life vnto the doore of death:
And when death ſaw how my poore hart did throb
He ſhew'd the horrour of the hell beneath.

But, when my God did in his mercie ſee,
My ſoule beſiedged thus on euery ſide:
With one faire looke he made their forces flye,
Nor death, nor hell, nor ſorrow durſt abide.

But left my ſoule in ſuch a bleſſed caſe,
By mercies liuing loue to be relieued:
That I muſt ſing in glory of his grace,
That helpt my ſoule when it was ſo agrecued.

The ſinful ſoules ſob.

SOrrow and Sinne, to my heart are no wonder,
Since ſinne and ſorrow rent my heart aſunder:
My ſoule in ſinne, hath long time had aboad,
While ſorrow wept that I offended God.

My Sinne (I muſt confeſſe) is much more great,
Then is the ſorrow of my gricued heart:
Yet ſorrow willes me humbly to intreate
For mercie, to aſſwage my wofull ſmart.

Therefore to thee, that canſt throw downe to hell,
And after fetch into the Heau'n of bliſſe:
To thee in whome ſweet mercy ſtill doth dwell,
In whom all comfort was, ſhall be, and is:

To thee a wretched ſoule nigh drown'd in ſinne,
With ſorrow weepes, that he may mercy win.

Laqueus contritus eſt.

SInne and diſpaire, both at a banquet met,
And in their feaſting that they might haue ioy:
My yeelding ſoule in haſt from me they fet,
And made it drunke, and drown'd it in annoy.

But taſting of ſinnes cheare I wot full well,
Diſpaire, that neuer wiſht the ſoule but harme:
Had well nigh brought my life to that ſame hell,
Where ſins more thick thē *Bees* in ſummer ſwarme.

Which when I did perceiue all woe begon me,
With bleeding heart I looked vp on high:
And God in mercy ſo did looke vpon me,
And to my griefe ſuch medicine did apply:

That bring heal'd of my diſpayring ſinne,
I might by faith his gratious fauour winne.

Par

Par nulla figura dolori.

IF I were ſet to ſeeke out ſorrows muſes,
And all at once, were come to waite vpon me:
With all the griefe that greateſt ſorrow vſes,
To ſhew the world how I am woe begon me.

If all the world had brought their woes together,
And all ſet downe, in their extreameſt kinde,
And all the kinds had brought their croſſes hether,
To ſhew the death of a tormented minde.

If all the figures that the Poets faine,
Should in their nature truely be expreſſed:
And euery ſorrow in a ſundrie vaine,
Could ſhew the horror of a heart diſtreſſed.

If theſe and more then euer yet were knowne,
To crucifie a poore vnhappie creature:
In pleaſures ſpirit wholy ouerthrowne.
Could ſhew the pride of ſorrow in her nature.

I thinke

I thinke they all would fall out ſhort in fine,
To ſound but where the depth of my diſtreſſe,
And leaue this heart, and wofull ſoule of mine,
Vnto the comfort of the comfortleſſe.

But ſince I ſee God onely knowes my griefe,
Which is too great for any man to geſſe:
And in his mercie liues my ſoules reliefe,
And he alone can giue my heart redreſſe.

I will beſeech his Maieſtie deuine,
In mercies height the hope of happines:
For to receiue this humble ſoule of mine,
And bring my heart out of this heaumes.

Non

Non eſt Deus ſicut noſter.

AT Chriſtes Aſcention heau'ns-vaſt wombe did (wonder,
whilſt Angels harts did bleed & cleaue a ſunder;
Immortall paſſions ſo did wound and paine them,
That all amort they ſit and thus complaine them.
O thou bright morning ſtar thou glories glory,
Make vs partakers of a wofull ſtory.
By thee we know, ſin, death, & hell confounded,
But cannot ſhew how wiſdom came thus woũded;
Then gan the ſpirit of that be-ſlaughtered lambe,
To tell how by thoſe wounds his goodnes came.
Amid the Center of an earthly Cell,
Accompanied with friends I long did dwell:
At length they wound, & bring me to my end,
And he that moſt did hurt was moſt my friend.
Life of all liues they kil'd and put to paine, (gaine.
My harme, their good, ſowre, ſweet, my loſſe their

Non eſt Deus ſicut noſter.

O fountaine of all mercy, mercies wonder,
What heart can heare this and not burſt aſunder?
Twas I (woe's me therefore) that cauſ'd thine end,
Whom thou in mercie doſt accompt a friend.
Within the cloſure of ſome obſcure Cell,
My ſoule be-murdering- Lord till death ſhal dwel;
There ſhall it weeping ſit, and read this ſtory,
Till heau'n aſsume it for to ſee thy glorie.

A paſsion

A paſſion.

LEt me goe ſeeke ſome for-lorne place,
Where nothing liues but ſorrows loue:
Where I may ſit and waile my caſe,
Vnto the bleſſed heau'ns aboue.

For to the world to tell my woes,
It were a breath but ſpent in vaine:
A labour that my ſoule might loſe,
Or with a ſigh returne againe.

For all the thoughts of pitties eye,
On earth are buried long agoe:
And all the waies of miſerie,
Are to diſpaire, or dye in woe.

For vertue ſhe that heauenlie Queene,
That onelie keeps the ſoule a crowne:
Whoſe faith hath in her fauours been,
Though heere by fortune beaten downe,

Euen

Euen ſhe is forc'd to keepe her ſeate,
Among the Angels bleſſed armes:
Becauſe ſhe ſees the world intreate,
Her ſeruants with ſuch wicked harmes.

And ſince I doe ſo plainlie ſee,
That in the world there is no place
For vertue, pitty, nor for me,
Nor any in my heauie caſe.

Let me goe ſeeke ſome ſorrie Caue,
With ſorrowes loue to ſit alone:
And like a Ghoaſt within the graue,
Vnto the heau'ns to make my mone.

For in the heau'ns I know he is,
Who hath ſubdu'd the power of hell:
And in that heauenly hand of his,
Doth my aſſured comfort dwell,

Where Vertue, Mercy, Loue and I,
Shall liue together in ſuch ioy:
As though vnto the world I dye,
My ſoule ſhall thinke of no annoy.

His

His farewell to the world.

VAine world adew, ſince vaine is thy beſt plea-(ſure,
Thy ſelfe a toy:
In better things then thine conſiſtes my treaſure,
In heau'n's my ioy.
A ioy that doth deteſt Such pleaſing goods,
As ſorrow brings the heart in flowing floods.

Thy baites are ſweet at firſt, yet ſower in end;
From heau'n they part;
A *Bee* which hath a ſting that doth offend,
And wound the heart.
A Friend that ſees a life all woe begon it,
And wiſheth ten times more to fall vpon it.

Thy

Thy beſt things are in fine a world of woe,
A ſincke of ill:
A garden where bad weedes are ſet to grow,
The ſoule to kill.
Thy Paradice a dungeon, layle, or hell,
Where light in darke for euermore doth dwell.

Thy glorie hath no Sun-ſhine, but a miſt
To blinde the eye:
And therefore let them loue thee they that liſt,
So will not I.
I ſeeke a glorie that is all aboue,
Sweet Ieſu I ſeeke thee my trueſt loue.

When moſt thou ſmileſt then thou moſt doſt frowne,
And ſeek'ſt to kill:
Thou doſt aduance to honour, then pull'ſt downe,
Such is thy will.
Sing in the ſweeteſt key thou canſt deuiſe:
While I with wiſdomes wit ſtop eares and eyes,

FINIS.

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